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THE

TEMPEST.

A

COMEDY.

As written by

SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXI



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT
FOR THE YEAR 1900-1901

CHICAGO, ILL., 1901

BY THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

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Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *the rightful Duke of Milan.*

Anthonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*

Gonsalo, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian, }
Francisco, } *Lords.*

Caliban, *a Savage and deformed Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*

Iris, }
Ceres, }
Juno, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, } *Spirits employed in the Masque.*

Other Spirits, attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*





THE
T E M P E S T.

A C T I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard:

Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

MASTER.



Boatswain———

Boatsf. Here, Master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to th' mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves a-ground; bestir, bestir.

[Exit.]

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare, take in the top-sail; tend to th' master's whistle; blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Ferdinand, Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care: where's the master? play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence——what care these Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o'the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [Exeunt.

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast; yare lower, lower; bring her to try with main-course. A plague upon this howling!————

A cry within. Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo. they are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink.

Sebasf. A pox o' your throat, you bawling blasphemous uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang cur, hang; you whoresom, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho' the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an un-stanch'd wench,

Boatsf.

Boatf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter Mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [*Exe.*

Boatf. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at pray'rs! let us assist 'em. For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal——'Would, thou might'st lye downing,

The washing of ten tides!

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'it to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!

We split, we split! Farewel, my Wife and Children!
Brother, farewell! we split, we split, we split!

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. [*Exit.*

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an Acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing; the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Part of the Inchaned Island,
near the Cell of Prospero.*

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. IF by your art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
Dash'd all to pieces. O! the cry did knock

A 5

Against

Against my very heart: poor souls, they perish'd!
 Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth; or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The fraighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement; tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

Mira. O woe the Day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 (Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more better
 Than *Prospero*, master of a full-poor cell,
 And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know

Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,

I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
 And pluck my magick garment from me; so!

[Lays down his mantle.

Lie there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
 The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
 The very virtue of compassion in thee,
 I have with such provision in mine art
 So safely order'd, that there is no foyle,
 No, not so much perdition as an hair,
 Betid to any creature in the vessel
 Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: sit down;
 For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often

Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
 And left me to a bootless inquisition;
 Concluding, *Stay; not yet.*—————

Pro. The hour's now come,

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
 Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
 A time, before we came unto this cell?

I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off;

And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four, or five, women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else
In the dark back-ward and abysme of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here;
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, *Miranda*; twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of *Milan*, and
A Prince of Pow'r.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.

Mira. O, my heart bleeds

To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*—

I pray thee, mark me;—(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first;

And

And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
 In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
 Without a parallel; those being all my study :)
 The government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my state grew stranger; being transported,
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
 (Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them; whom t'advance, and whom
 To trash for over-topping; new-created
 The creatures, that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
 Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
 To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suckt my verdure out on't—Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
 I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falshood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confident *sans* bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my Revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact; like one,
 Who having into truth, by telling of it;
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was, indeed, the Duke; from substitution,
 And executing th'outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing——
 Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
 And

And him he plaid it for, he needs will be
 Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man!——my library
 Was Dukedom large enough; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable: confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) wi'th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;
 Subject his coronet to his crown; and bend
 The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan*!)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th'event; then tell me
 If this might be a Brother?

Mira. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my grandmother;
 Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition:
 This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit;
 Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedom; and confer fair *Milan*,
 With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
 A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
 Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open
 The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darkness
 The ministers for the purpose hurry'd thence
 Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
 I, not remembering how I cry'd on't then,
 Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
 That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
 And then I'll bring thee to the present business,
 Which now's upon's; without the which this story
 Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
 That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;

My

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
 (So dear the love my people bore me;) set
 A mark so bloody on the business; but
 With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
 In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
 Bore us some leagues to Sea; where they prepar'd
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
 Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
 To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
 To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
 Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
 Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a cherubim
 Thou wast, that did preserve me; Thou didst smile,
 Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
 (When I have deck'd the sea with drops full-salt;
 Under my burden groan'd;) which rais'd in me
 An undergoing stomach, to bear up
 Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By providence divine.
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity (being then appointed
 Master of this design) did give us, with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,
 Which since have steeded much. So of his gentleness,
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
 From my own library, with volumes that
 I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
 But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise:—————
 Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow,
 Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
 Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
 Than other Princes can, that have more time

For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'n's thank you for't! And now, I pray
you, Sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth,
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose Influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. — Here cease more questions;
Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse —

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now;
Approach, my *Ariel*, Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly;
Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble;
Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mind, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the King's son *Ferdinand*
With hair up-staring (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man, that leap'd; cry'd, "hell is empty;
"And all the devils are here."

Pro. Why, that's my Spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

Ari. Close by, my Master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd:
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle:
The King's son have I landed by himself,
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o'th' fleet?

Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight, to fetch dew
From the still-vest *Bermudas*, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd,
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I've left asleep; and for the rest o'th' fleet
(Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* flote,
Bound sadly home for *Naples*;
Supposing, that they saw the King's ship wreckt,
And his great person perish.

Pro. *Ariel*, thy charge

Exactly

Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o'th' day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses; the time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil? since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
Remember, I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
Without or grudge, or grumblings; thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep;
To run upon the sharp Wind of the North;
To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,
When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing! hast thou forgot
The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born? speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari.

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by th'sailors; thou my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant,
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: he, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master.

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so: and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'th' sea.

The T E M P E S T.

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Be subject to no fight but mine: invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in it: go hence with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake—

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: come on;
We'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on—

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban!*
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. [within.] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other Business for thee.
Come, thou Tortoise! when?—

Enter Ariel like a Water Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [Exit.]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsom fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging

Than

Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; and
would'st give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits; barren place, and fertile.
Curs'd be I, that I did so! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the Subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own King; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness; I have us'd thee
(Filth as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho! — I wou'd, it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred Slave;
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison —

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse: the red plague rid you,

For

For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-feed, hence!

Fetch us in fewel, and be quick (thou wer't best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.

I must obey; his art is of such pow'r,
It would control my dam's god *Setsbos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[*Exit Caliban.*]

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL's SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curst'sied when you have, and kist
The wild waves whist;
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear:*

[*Burden dispersedly.*]

*Hark, hark, bough-waugh: the watch-dogs bark,
Baugh waugh.*

Ari. *Hark, hark, I hear*

*The strain of strutting chanticlers
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this musick be, i'th' air, or earth?—
It sounds no more: and sure, it waits upon
Some God o'th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the King my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's

ARIEL'S SONG.

Full fathom five thy father lies,
 Of his bones are coral made:
 Those are pearls, that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him, that doth fade.
 But doth suffer a sea-change,
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
 Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.
[Burden: ding dong.]

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
 This is no mortal business, nor no sound
 That the earth owns: I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
 And say, what thou see'st yond.

Mira. What is't, 'a spirit?
 Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
 It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit?

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
 As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
 Was in the wreck: and, but, he's something stain'd
 With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call him
 A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
 And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
 A thing divine; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [Aside.]
 As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
 Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess
 On whom these airs attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
 May know, if you remain upon this Island:
 And that you will some good instruction give,
 How I may bear me here: my prime request
 (Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!

If you be made or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heav'ns!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?

What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wreckt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: the Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave Son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,

And his more brave daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight,
'They have chang'd eyes: (delicate *Ariel*,
I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear, you've done yourself some wrong: a word—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
Is the third man that I e'er saw; the first,
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin,
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft, Sir; one word more.——

They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:—thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thyself
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man.

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.

If

If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me——

Speak not you for him: he's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink: thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,

I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charm'd from moving.]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'it a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st, there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and *Caliban*; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:

My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
 My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
 The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats,
 To whom I am subdu'd, were but light to me,
 Might I but through my prison once a day
 Behold this maid: all corners else o'th' earth
 Let liberty make use of; space enough
 Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: come on.

(Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*;) follow me.

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To *Ariel*.

Mira. Be of comfort,

My father's of a better nature, Sir,
 Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted.
 Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
 As mountain winds; but then exactly do
 All points of my command.

Ari. To th' syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: speak not for him. [Exeunt.



ACT II.

SCENE, *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
 Francisco, and others.

GONZALO.

BEESEECH you, Sir, be merry: you have cause
 (So have we all) of joy! for our escape
 Is much beyond our loss: our hint of woe
 Is common every day, some sailor's wife,
 The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
 Have just our theme of woe: but for the miracle,

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(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by
and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,——

Seb. One :———Tell,———

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd;
comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollor.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken
truer then you propos'd.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you
should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,——

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.——

Gon. Well, I have done : but yet——

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good
wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done : the wager?

Ant. A laughter?

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha———So, you're paid

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible——

Seb. Yet———

Adr. Yet———

Ant. He could not mis't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate
temperance.

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit——

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. 'That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter *Claribel* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow, a pox o' that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too? Good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that: she was of *Carthage*, not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis* at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*!

Ant. O, widow *Dido*! ay, widow *Dido*!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! For, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too;
Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd,
I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir
Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our *Europe* with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African*;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,

Who

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importun'd otherwise
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between lothness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever: *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business' making,
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o'th' loss.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth, you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord —

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things: for no kind of traffick
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too; but innocent and pure:
No Sov'reignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the
beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour. Treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyzon, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou dost talk nothing to
me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to
minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such
sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh
at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing
to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long,

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would
lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue
in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my
discretion so weakly; will you laugh me asleep, for I
am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish, mine eyes
Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find,
They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it :
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you : wond'rous heavy——

[*All sleep but Seb. and Ant.*

Seb. What a strange drowiness possesses them ?

Ant. It is the quality o' th' climate.

Seb. Why

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink ? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble :
They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian*——O, what might——no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be : th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and surely,

It is a sleepy language ; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep : what is it thou didst say ?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving ;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep : die rather : wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly ;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

B †

Seb.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O!

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it, ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he is earth'd;) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i'th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd; tho' some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,

Whereof

Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge——

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,
And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep was this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:
And, look, how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my Men.

Seb. But, for your conscience——

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?
If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.
Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, e'er they molest!
Here lyes your brother——

No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put

This ancient Morfel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that,
We say, befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:
And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzalo*.

Seb. O, but one word —————

Enter Ariel, with Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger;
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in *Gonzalo's* Ear.

*While you here do snoring lye,
Open-ey'd conspiracy
His time doth take:
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware:
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King! [They wake.

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you
drawn?

Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you?
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;

To

To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard:
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further
search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prospero* my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [Exit.

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

*Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder
heard.*

Cal. ALL the infections, that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prospero* fall, and
make him

By inch-meal a disease! his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i' th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here, a man or a fish? dead or alive? a fish; he smells like a fish: a very ancient and fish-like smell. A kind of, not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish! Were I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not an holiday-fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man; when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! warm, o'my troth! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this is no fish, but an *Islander* that hath lately suffer'd by a thunder-bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows: I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Step. *I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die a-shore.*
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral;
well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

Sings. *The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;*

Far

*For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang:*

*She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.*

This is a scurvy tune too; but here's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Step. What's the matter? have we devils here? do you put tricks upon's with savages, and men of *Inde*? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man, as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while *Stephano* breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: oh!

Step. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to *Naples* with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Step. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling: now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Step. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, Cat; open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

Trin.

Trin. I should know that voice : it should be——
but he is drown'd; and these are devils; O! defend
me——

Step. Four legs and two voices ; a most delicate monster ! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to spatter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : come : *Amen* ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,——

Step. Doth thy other mouth call me? mercy ! mercy ! this is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! if thou beest *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me; for I am *Trinculo*; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Step. If thou beest *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be *Trinculo's* legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed: how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf? can he vent *Trinculo's*!

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke: but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano*? I hope now, thou art not drown'd: is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm: and art thou living, *Stephano*? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* scap'd!

Step. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights: that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor: I will kneel to him.

Step. How didst thou scape? how cam'st thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither: I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Step.

Step. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Sworn a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Step. Here, kiss the book. Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Step. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Step. Out o'th' moon, I do assure thee. I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Step. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i'th' moon?—a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o'th' Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Step. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Step. Come, kiss.

Trin.——But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wond'rous man.

Trin.

Step.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet : I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Step. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Hear, bear my bottle; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master; farewel,
farewel.

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish,
Nor fetch in firing at requiring,
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,
Ban' Ban', Cacalyban
Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Step. O brave monster, lead the way. [Exit.





A C T III.

S C E N E, *before Prospero's Cell.*

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

F E R D I N A N D.

T H E R E be some sports are painful, but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious: but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore Injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executer; I forget;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busy-less, when I do it.

Enter Miranda; and Prospero, at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoin'd to pile:
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,

The

The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray, give me that;
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me;
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might see it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your heft to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father; how features are abroad,

I'm

I'm skilless of; but, by my modesty,
 (The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
 Any companion in the world but you;
 Nor can imagination form a shape,
 Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
 I therein do forget.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
 A Prince, *Miranda*; I do think, a King;
 (I would, not so!) and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
 The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak;
 The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service, there resides
 To make me slave to it, and for your sake
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
 And crown what I profess with kind event,
 If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boaded me, to mischief! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
 Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
 To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
 Of two most rare affections! heav'n's rain grace,
 On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you!

Mira. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer,
 What I desire to give; and much less take,
 What I shall die to want: but this is trifling;
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
 The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning;
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence.
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

Fer.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't; and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surprized withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo.

Step. TELL not me; when the butt is out, we will
drink water, not a drop before; therefore bear
up, and board 'em, servant-monster; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! they
say, there's but five upon this isle; we are three of them,
if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Step. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee; thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Step. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues, off
and on; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, mon-
ster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Step. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs, and
yet say nothing neither.

Step. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest
a good moon-calf.

Cal.

Cal. How does thy honour? let me lick thy shoe; I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever a man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me: wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he! that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Step. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree ——— the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Step. Marry, will I; kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Step. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Step. Mum then, and no more; proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this Isle; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenge it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dares not. ———)

Step. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Step. How now shall this be compass'd? canst thou bring me to the party?
Cal.

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou may'st knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this? thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take this bottle from him; when that's gone,
He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Step. *Trinculo*, run into no further danger: interrupt
the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll
turn my mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of
thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing; I'll go further
off.

Step. Didst thou not say, he ly'd?

Ari. Thou liest.

Step. Do I so? take you that.

[Beats him.]

As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lie; out o'your wits,
and hearing too? A pox o'your bottle! this can sack
and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the
devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Step. Now, forward with your tale; pr'ythee, stand
further off.

Cal. Beat him enough; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Step. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I'th' afternoon to sleep; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which when he has an house, he'll deck withal.

And

And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a non-pareil: I ne'er saw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she:
But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*,
As greatest does the least.

Step. Is it so brave a Lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Step. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and
I will be King and Queen, save our Graces: and *Trinculo*
and thyself shall be Vice-Roys. Dost thou like the plot,
Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Step. Give me thy hand; I am sorry, I beat thee: but,
while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Whithin this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Step. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry; I am full of pleasure;
Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch,
You taught me but while-ere?

Step. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em, and skout 'em: and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
thought is free.*

Cal. That's not the tune:

[*Ariel plays the Tune on a Tabour and Pipe.*

Step. What is this fame?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the
picture of no-body.

Step. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in the like-
ness; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Step. He that dies, pays all debts: I desie thee. Mercy
upon us!

Cal. Art thou afraid?

Step. No, monster, not I.

Cal.

And

Cal. Be not afraid; the isle is full of noises,
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
 Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments
 Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices;
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,
 Will make me sleep again; and then in dreaming,
 The clouds, methought, will open, and shew riches
 Ready to drop upon me; then when I wak'd,
 I cry'd to dream again.

Step. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where
 I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Step. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let's follow it, and
 after do our work.

Step. Lead, monster; we'll follow. I would I could
 see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I'll follow *Stephano*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
 Francisco, &c.

Gon. **B**Y'R lakin, I can go no further, Sir,
 My old bones ake: here's a maze trod, indeed,
 Through forth-rights and meanders! by your patience,
 I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
 Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
 To th' dulling of my spirits: sit down and rest.
 Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
 No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd,
 Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
 Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Aut. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
 Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
 That you resolv'd t' effect.

Seb.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to night;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to night: no more.

Solemn and strange musick; and Prospero on the top, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark!
Gon. Marvellous sweet musick!

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven! what were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both:
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders:
(For, certes, these are people of the island)
Who tho' they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise, in departing.———

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They've left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe, that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts ? which now we find,
Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last ; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. ~ Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel like a harpy, claps
his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the
banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up ; and on this Island
Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;
And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools ! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate ; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One down that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three

From

From Milan did supplant good *Prospero* :
 Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and his innocent child : for which foul deed
 The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace: thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
 (Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: then, to soft musick, Enter the
 shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes, and
 carrying out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had, devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: so with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: they are in my power:
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)
 And his and my lov'd darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
 In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
 Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
 The Name of *Prosper*: it did base my trespass.
 Therefore, my son i' th' ooze is bedded; and
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
 And with him there lye mudded.

*[Exit.
 Sebe.]*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate ; their great guilt,
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly ;
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

S C E N E, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

P R O S P E R O.

IF I have too austere punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends ; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life ;
Or that for which I live ; whom once again
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
Were but my tryals of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift : O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off ;
For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchas'd, take my Daughter. But
If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may

With

With full and holy Rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heav'n's let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope

For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser *Genius* can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think or *Phæbus'* steeds are founderd,
Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.

Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*—

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion, for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow,
Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*; do not approach,
'Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*
Pro.

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night, your vow!——

Fer. I warrant you, Sir;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.

Now come, my *Ariel*; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit; appear, and pertly——
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [To Ferdinand.
[Soft Musick,

A MASQUE. Enter *Iris*.

Iris. *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with flover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pionied, and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy *April* at thy heft betrimms,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air; the Queen o'th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport; her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter *Ceres*.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter*:
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow do'st crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green?

Iris.

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the Queen: since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted; but in vain.
Mars's hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right-out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[*Juno descends, and enters:*

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance and encreasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you:

Cer. Earth's increase, and foyson-plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burden bowing,
Spring come to you, at the farthest,
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: may I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Juno and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons, *Juno* does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of *August* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

*Enter certain reapers, properly habited; they join with the
nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof,
Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a
strange, hollow and confused noise, they vanish heavily.*

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confed'rates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid; no more.

Fer. This is most strange; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir.

Mir. Never 'till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd; be chearful, Sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all, which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! we are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,—Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity;
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exe. Fer. and Mir.*]

Pro. Come with a thought;—I thank you:—

Ariel, come.

Prospero comes forward from the Cell; enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to; what's thy pleasure?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander; when I presented *Ceres*,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd,
Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking;
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
Advanc'd their-eye lids, lifted up their noses,

As they smelt musick; so I charm'd their ears,
 That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
 Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
 Ith' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'er-stunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird;
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still;
 The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
 For sale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
 And, as with age, his body uglier grows,
 So his mind cankers; I will plague them all,
 Even to roaring: come, hang them on this line.

[*Prospero remains invisible.*]

Enter Ariel laden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may
 not

Hear a foot fall; we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is a harmless
Fairy, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss, at which my
 nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine: do you hear, monster? if I should
 take a displeasure against you; look you——

Trin. Thou wer't but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still;
 Be patient, for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
 Shall hood-wink this mischance; therefore, speak softly:
 All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that,
 monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless *Fairy*, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet : see'st thou here, This is the mouth o'th' cell ; no noise, and enter ; Do that good mischief, which may make this Island Thine own for ever ; and I, thy *Caliban*, For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand : I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O King *Stephano* ! O Peer ! O worthy *Stephano* ! Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster ; we know what belongs to a frippery ; — O, King *Stephano* !

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo* ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropfy drown this fool ! what do you mean, To doat thus on such luggage ? let's along, And do the murder first : if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches ; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do ; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country : steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate ; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't ; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes. With foreheads villanous low.

Ste.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

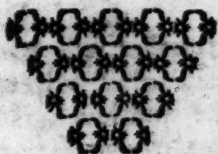
Ari. Silver; there it goes, Silver.

Pro. Fury, Fury; there Tyrant, there; hark, hark, Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lye at my mercy all mine enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*





A C T V.

SCENE, *before the Cell.*

Enter Prospero in his magick Robes, and Ariel.

PROSPERO.

NOW does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage: how's the day?

Ari. On the sixth hour, at which time, my lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
In the *Lime-Grove* which weather-fends your cell.
They cannot budge, 'till your release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Do'st thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

One

One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion'd as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
 Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
 Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part; the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further; go, release them, *Ariel*;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
 And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and
 groves,

And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
 Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
 When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
 By moon-shine do the green sours ringlets make,
 Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
 To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
 (Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war; to the dread ratling thunder
 Have I giv'n fire, and risted *Jove's* stout oak
 With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory
 Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
 The pine and cedar: graves at my command
 Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
 By my so potent art. But this rough magick
 I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
 Some heavenly musick, which ev'n now I do,
 (To work mine end upon their senses, that
 This airy charm is for;) I'll break my staff;
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth;
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
 I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn musick.*

Here

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick gesture, attended by Gonzalo. Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopt.——
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,
Fall fellow drops.——The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason. O my good *Gonzalo*,
My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed —— Most cruelly
Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*, flesh and blood.
You brother mine that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, or would know me.——*Ariel*,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;
I will dis-ease me, and myself present,
[Exit *Ariel*, and returns immediately.
As I was sometime *Milan*: quickly, Spirit;
Thou shalt e'er long be free.

Ariel

Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.

*Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sunset, merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.*

Pro. Why, that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so,
To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
Being awake, enforce them to this place;
And presently, I pry thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

[*Exit.*

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,

Let

Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' th' isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No: —————

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreckt upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for 't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?

O heav'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there! that they were, I wish,
Myself

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am *Prospero*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan*; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wreckt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least, bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE opens to the Entrance of the Cell.

Here *Prospero* discovers *Ferdinand* and *Miranda* playing
at Chess.

Mira. SWEET lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle!

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I've curs'd them without cause.

Alon.

Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad Father compass thee about !
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

[*Ferd. kneels.*

Mira. O ! wonder !
How many goodly creatures are there here ?
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,
That has such people in't !

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play ?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal ;
But, by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his advice : nor thought, I had one : she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before ; of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers ;
But, oh, how odly will it sound, that I
Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pro. There, Sir, stop ;
Let us not burden our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown :
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither !

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become Kings of Naples ! O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars ! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tanis* ;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,

Where

Where he himself was lost; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy!

Gon. Be't so, Amen!

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us!
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear't grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? what is the news?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company; the next, our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit!

Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awak'd; straightway at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship; our master
Cap'ring to eye her; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done?

Pro.

Pro. Bravely, my diligence, thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every.
These happen'd accidents; till when be chearful,
And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free:
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo,
in their stolen Apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself; for all is but fortune; *Coragio*,
bully-monster, *Coragio*!

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly fight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha;
What things are these, my lord *Antonio*?
Will money buy 'em?

Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true: this mis-shap'd knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demy-devil

(For

Pro.

(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life; two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler?

Seb. He's drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And *Trinculo*, is feeling ripe; where should they
Find this grand 'lixir, that hath colded 'em?
How cam't thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I
shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano*?

Ste. O, touch me not: I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o' th' isle, Sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape: go, Sirrah, to my cell,
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a God?
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to, away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell; where you shall take your rest
For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship; and so to *Naples*;
Where I have hope to see the nuptials

Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

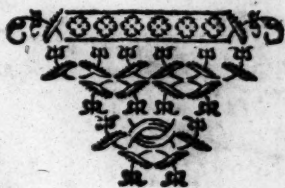
Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]





EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Prospero.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free!



F I N I S.

3

9